

REAL GHOSTBUSTERS' STATIONERY SETS TO BEWON

MARVEL®
19th May 90

NO 101 45p

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

SIT!! DOWN,
BOY, DOWN! GOOD
DOGGIE!



ISSN 0954-9404
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Now there are lots of things that come in batches of one hundred and one, like **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic for instance. But there are also some pretty *spooky* things that travel around in that number, like the *one hundred and one Damnations* that Egon accidentally brought into our dimension through misuse of his ceremonial pointy jab-jab stick. Luckily, Winston was there to save the day, but you can read all about that in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

Later on there's a fantastic competition for you to win various **Real Ghostbusters Kits** from McCain, and also the second horrifying instalment of **The Werewolf!** But first, it's Peter's turn to unleash a demonic practical joker in **Phantom Prankster!**

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Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



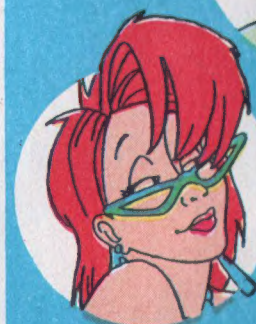
EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

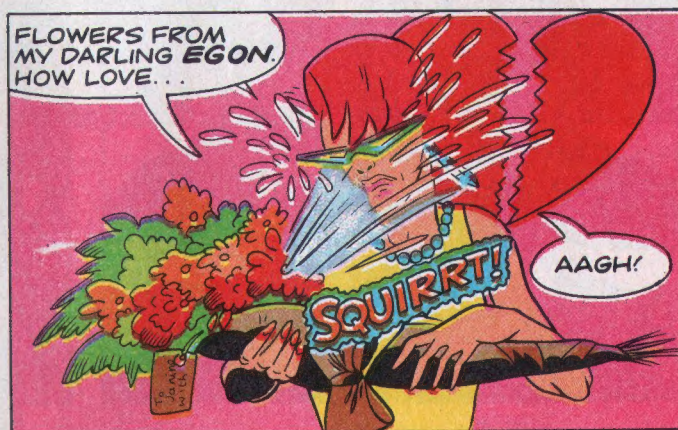
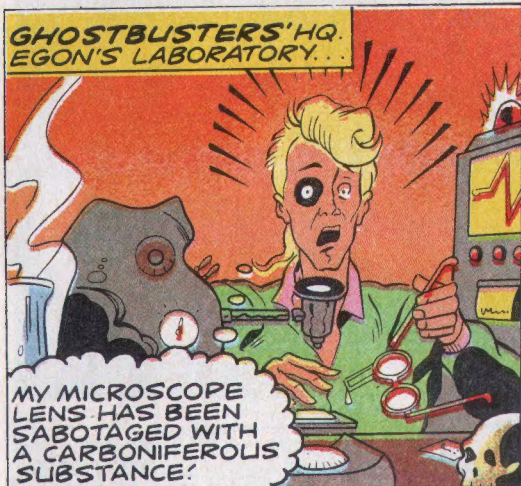


JANINE
MELNITZ



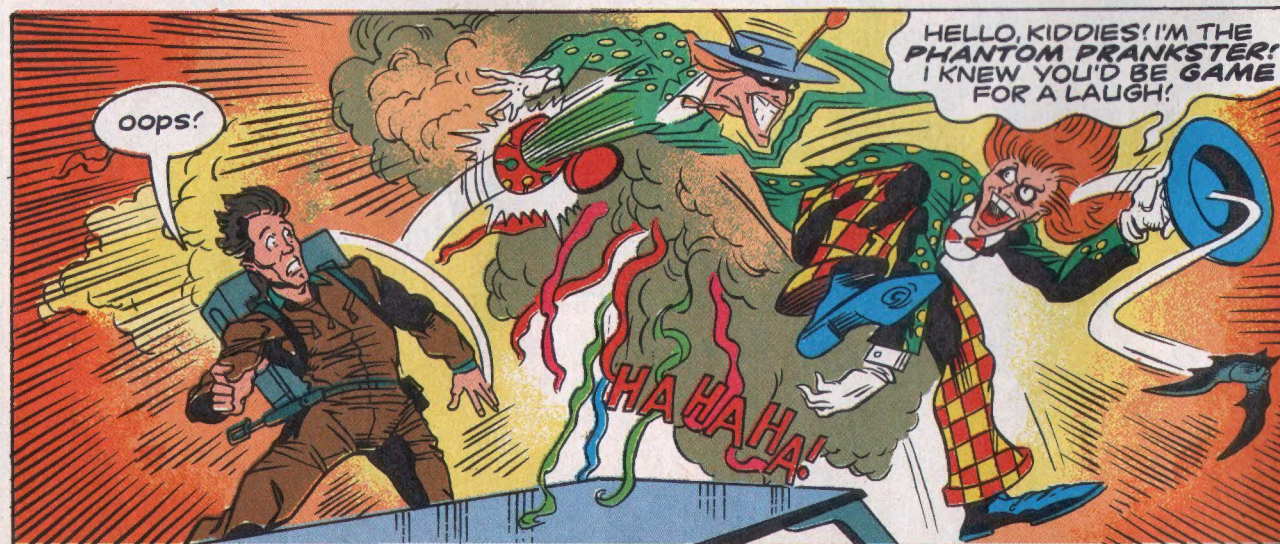
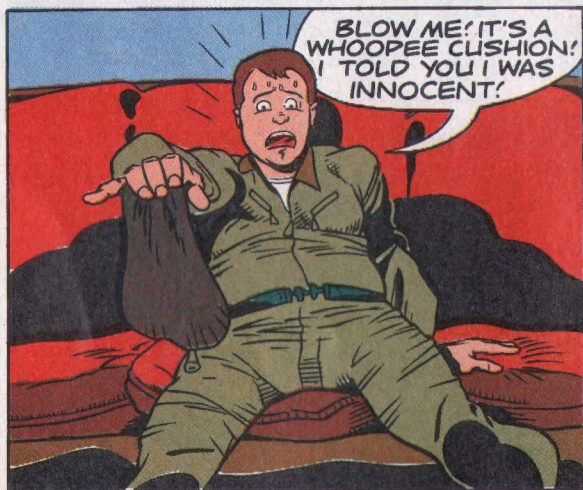
SLIMER

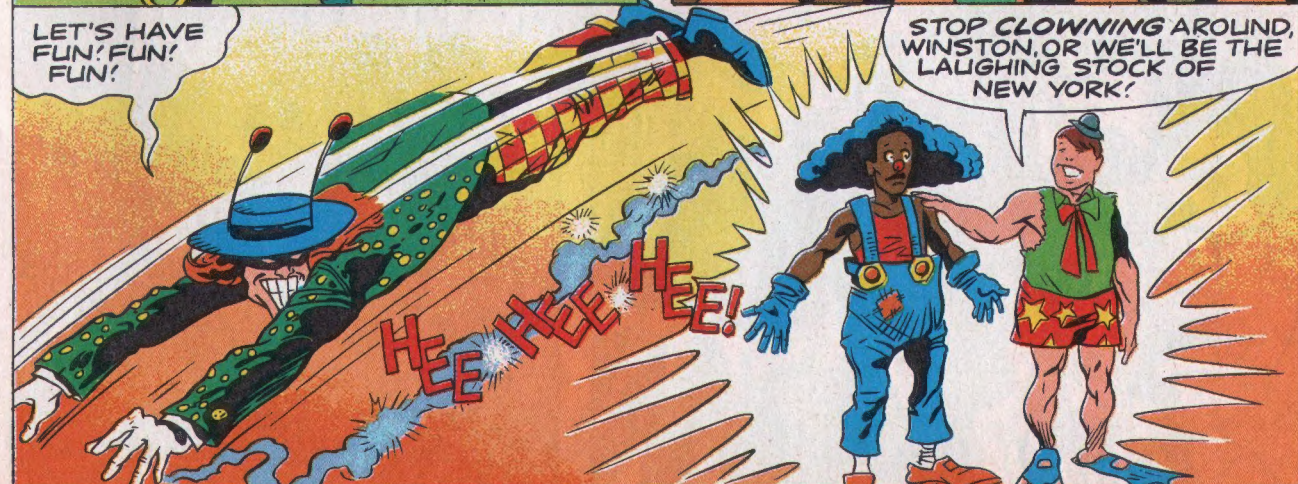
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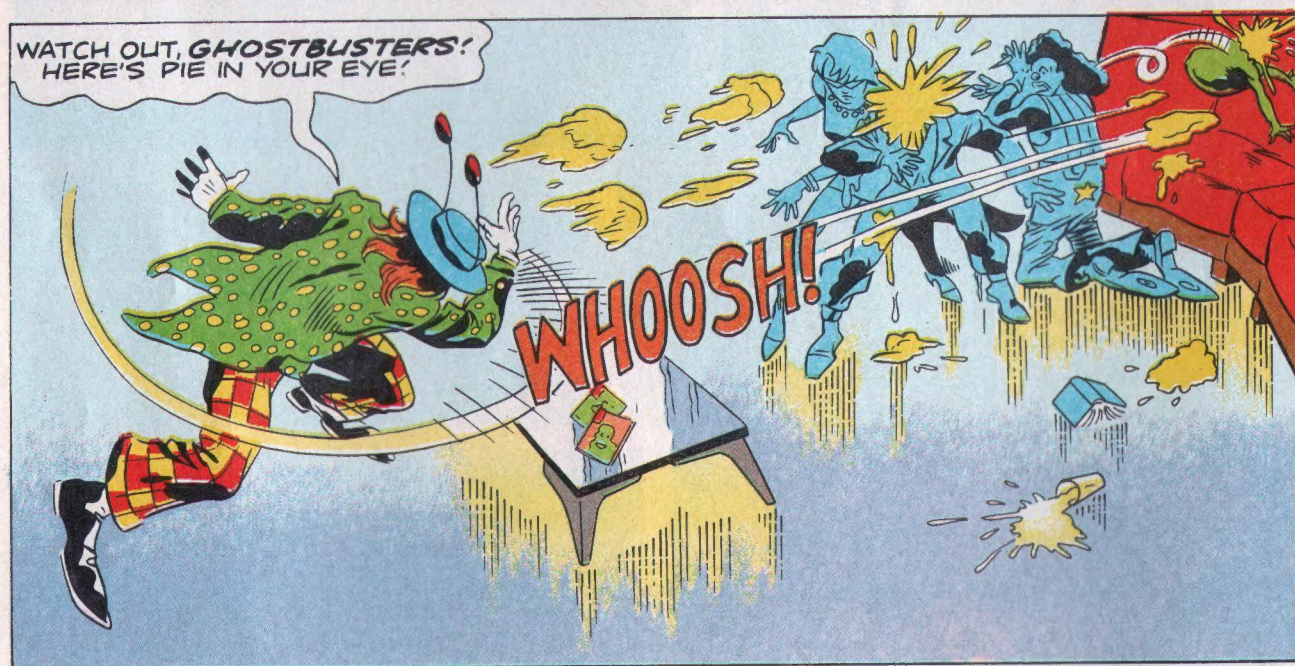
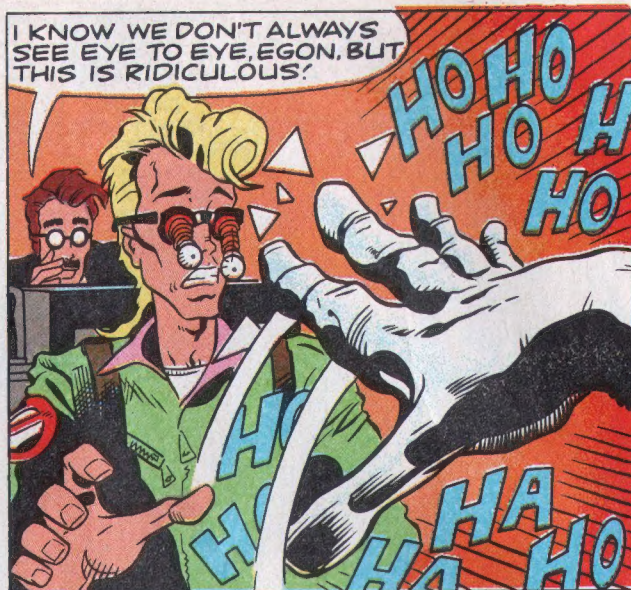
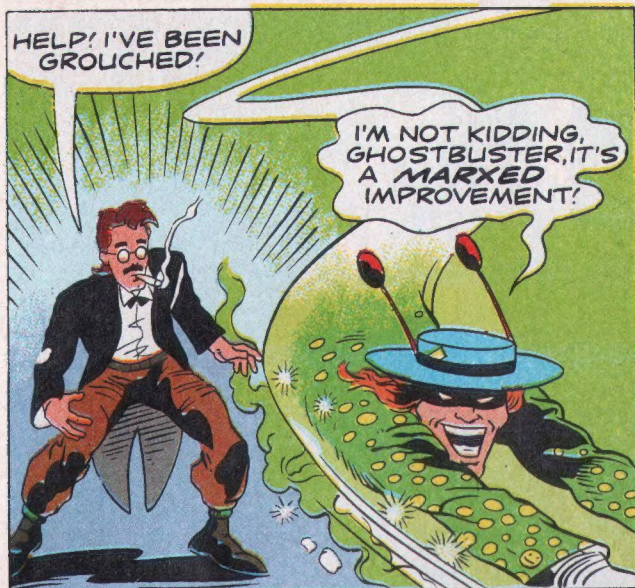


Phantom Prankster!









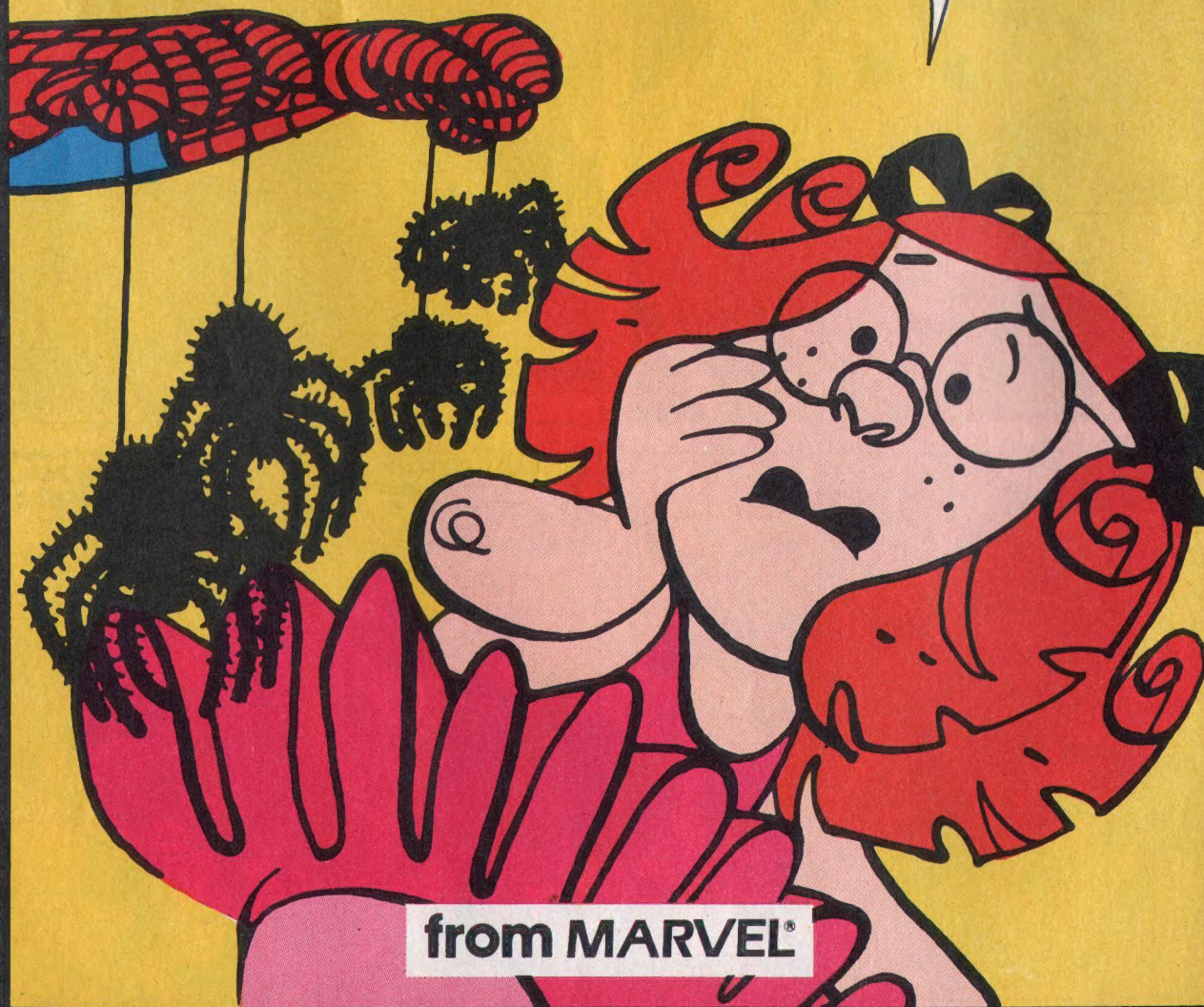


What's black, dangly,
has eight legs and
comes **free** with **issue 14** of

Hank Ketcham's
Dennis?

EEEEEEKK!

ERR... I
THINK I CAN
GUESS!



from MARVEL®

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Damnations

Vast black hound-shadows speckled with starlight, Damnation Hounds are part pseudo-dog monster and part holes into other dimensions. They appear in this dimension as rips in the physical plane, and feast on any available mortal energy, quickly doubling and quadrupling in numbers. Vondahuck reckons they are caused by uttering the awful summoning spell of Rantagoth, but after recent research, I have shown they can be caused by something as simple as careless use of a Ceremonial Pointy Jab-Jab Stick, overuse of the spikes on a Derridoxian Thulking Strap, or simply by a Class nine demon repeatedly scuffing his Numbly boots against the fabric of space/time.

Tobin points to another possible creative source of Damnations. Like many earth people, demon parents are often under stress to amuse their offspring. One of the easiest ways is to get a strong light source (an eternal brimstone brand, for example, or an angry fire elemental), shine it against the wall of the lair, and make funny animal shapes appear in silhouette by moving your hands. Tobin reckons that some of the more powerful demons inadvertently cast powerful 'majicks' when they do this, and the sha-



PART 101

dow shape is driven by ecto-forces through the 'wall' (ie the division between our world and the next) and appears on earth with a life of its own.

This would certainly explain the different types of Damnation shadow that occur in our world. Damnation hounds are clearly the finger shadows of the long, boney Yldammics, and Damnation wallabies are the product of the more fat and stumpy Wumbleghouls. It is clear that life in the lairs of the Snake-demons of Bottomless Hades is probably more than a little dull ("... and this is ... is ... well, this one's a snake, too!"). Tobin speculates that perhaps the natural, inherant human magic sometimes causes our own shadow puppets to mate-

rialise in the Supercosmos, but considers it unlikely that Ponquadrakor and Bopple-nozyworp are often terrorized by the appearance of small rabbits, camels or busts of Abraham Lincoln.


Damnation Hounds are unusual in as much as they are probably the only Supercosmic, paranormal beings that don't have big sharp pointy teeth. Inhabiting the corners of time as they do, they are not the easiest or safest things to study at length, but the astronomer Tytus Bray made it his life's work to annotate the star systems that appeared on the coat of a Damnation who popped up at the court of King Nicholas the Timid in 1797. Bray concluded that the constellations were utterly foreign, and could not be seen anywhere in the night skies of earth. He also added that if you dropped a pencil into a Damnation hound, you'd never get it back again. Never throw a stick for one.

Nigel Pallward once entered a Damnation in Crufts, but was disqualified after it engulfed nine best of breeds and the judges ruled that anything with several poodles, a basset and a corgi falling away into oblivion in its void-like innards couldn't really be trusted to fetch one's slippers. Normally appear in packs of one hundred and one.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Tuesday, 8th May 1990

Busy, busy, busy! Seems like all my chores have come at once. I've got to remember that this week it's my turn on the Hotline shift, and also my number's up on the ECTO-1 cleaning rota. Plus Ray tells me the car really needs a service too. Also must help Peter on the monthly equipment overhaul, which means four or five hours in the workshop unclogging traps, testing PKE Meters, checking the trunking on the packs and seeing who can get ecto-splat to ricochet off the lampshade and hit the waste bin from furthest away. What else? Oh, yeah, it's my little cousin Jerry's birthday and I gotta buy him a present. He got a puppy for Christmas, so I guess I'll buy him some cute dog toy for his pooch. I'll pick one up from the store on my way back from collecting those packages for Egon like I promised. He has some things on order from the funny old antique shop in Queens. He's up to his elbows designing some new gizmos for us, so I said I'd drop by and fetch them for him. Thank goodness I wrote all those down – I'd never have remembered it otherwise. Busy, busy, busy!

Wednesday, 9th May 1990

Looking at what I wrote yesterday, I can't believe I was so cheerful about having such a lot to do. If only I'd known then what I know now. By the time I'd ran around, helped Peter, bought a pet toy for my cousin's dog, washed the car, picked up Egon's parcels and remembered to do things like breathe and eat in between times, I was well and truly bushed. Boy, oh boy. There I was, at six in the evening, just starting my hotline duty, poised by the phone hoping to all the gods, demons and otherwise in the Supercosmos, that no one would decide to ring in, so that I could just doze off for a few minutes.

Which was about the time Egon wandered by. Egon was looking pleased with himself. He really dug whatever was in those parcels I'd brought back for him, and he wanted to share his enthusiasm with someone. I was the only other

person in the building, so the honour obviously fell to me.

Egon was carrying a couple of books and a short, stubby and rather sharp-ended stick, which was either very old and flaking or was inscribed with a strange pattern.

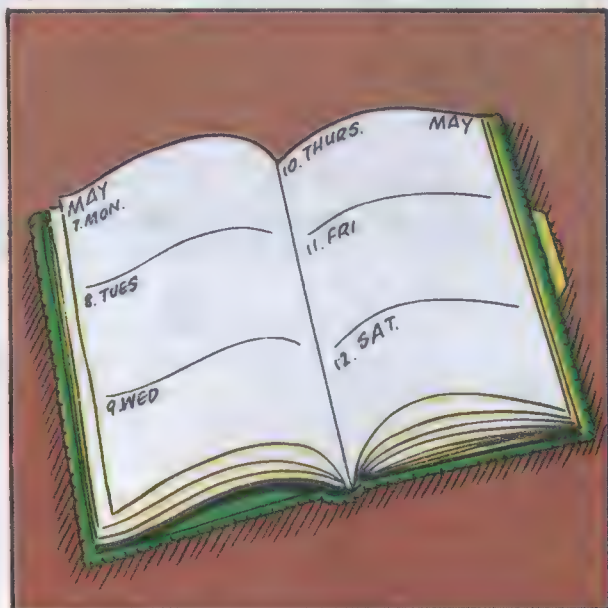


"Ceremonial pointy jab-jab stick," he told me, holding it up for me to examine. I tried to look seriously impressed and learned, but my expression probably more closely resembled that of a hippo choking on a quilted underblanket. "What's more," Egon added, "this is the very ceremonial pointy jab-jab stick owned by that most eminent of Victorian Paranormalogists, John Dodie Smith." That was, I freely agreed, more than just a usual how-d'ya-do, but what, I ventured, was a ceremonial pointy jab-jab stick used for. "Nettroth the Balkanised used his to poke out the gizzards of enemy sheep," Egon told me animatedly, "and Holodemus the Dramatically Odorous used his to prop his eyelids open during late night repeats of detective programmes. Human demonologists, like the late great J.D. Smith, used his as what you might call a magic wand. It assisted them in conjurations. Just with a simple flourish or a flick he'd – oo-er!" I'm sure J.D. Smith never oo-ered in the entirety of his professional career, but seeing that Egon seemed to have just torn a hole in space with that last

illustrative flick of the ceremonial thingy stick, I rather forgave him his speechlessness.

A tiny black rip ran down the empty space between us. It was as if the sharp pointy end of the stick had ripped open our dimension to give us a glimpse of the next – a glimpse of utter blackness lit only by tiny white stars.

"I may just have done an unforgiveable thing." Egon remarked mildly, as we backed away from the interstellar rip that bulged and flexed in mid-air between us. "That's a tear in the fabric of time/space, right?" I ventured, thinking that the diagnosis was a pretty good try for me.



"That's a pretty good try for you," Egon replied, "but this is more than that. It's the beginning of a Damnation hound." I was tempted to ask Egon to run that by me again, but it wasn't really necessary. The black shape, with its white-star dots, was forming into the shape of a dog, first fox-size then bigger and bigger until it was the size of a Great Dane, a vast black silhouette like the outline of a wolf cut out of a star map.

"They inhabit the corners of time/space, and thrive on mortal energy. They're thankfully rare, but dreadfully dangerous. Damnations. The word is fear itself." I nodded at Egon's words – who am I to argue? "But we've dealt with demon hounds before, Egon," I whispered, "so

we'll deal with this, right?"

"If it were only that simple . . ." Egon began. "Look!" I looked. The hound-shadow was splitting into two and then those two into four and so on. In a matter of seconds, the room was half full of massive shadowdogs, each the size of wolfhounds, each as black as pitch and dotted with stars on their flanks.

The hounds crept forward towards us.

"We have to act now!" hissed Egon as we backed away. "In a moment there'll be ninety, a hundred, a hundred and one . . ."

"A hundred and one Damnations?" I asked. "That sounds like a film I once . . ." But I didn't finish. Egon grabbed me by the sleeve and we pelted upstairs, the ever-growing mass of Damnations launching after us. Egon slammed the door of his lab, and the hounds began to thump against it. They made a weird shrilling noise like . . . like dogs made of space would, I guess. "One chance!" said Egon scrabbling to uncover something on his bench. "I've got a super-conductor Trap . . . its high capacity might just contain them all . . . if we can just think of a way of luring them into it." He stopped and turned to me, clutching the microwave-size super-trap and assorted cables. "Any ideas?"

As soon as Egon opened the door, the tidal wave of phantom hounds poured in, like a spillage of night-sky in handy dog-shapes. They went right for the first thing they saw – a plastic, bone-shaped dog toy that I'd chucked into mid-air in front of them. They went for it – all hundred and one – and followed it straight into the humming, roaring super-trap.

After all of which, I felt pretty dog-tired.

Thursday, 10th May 1990

Got up late. Went out and bought my cousin Jerry a pencil case for his birthday.



100 REAL GHOSTBUSTERS' STATIONERY SETS TO BE WON!



Those fiendish Ghostbuster characters have reappeared – would you believe in mashed potato. To celebrate, **McCain** have joined with **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic to offer several lucky boys and girls the chance to win 100 special Ghostbuster Kits.

Impress your friends with your super prize of a McCain Real Ghostbuster folder, pen, badge, writing paper, colouring book, glow-in-the-dark stickers and lots of party invitations.

McCain The Real Ghostbusters are crispy potato shapes made in the image of six of the best known Ghostbusters characters. All you have to do is name just three of the famous shapes and send your entry on a postcard, or the back of an envelope, to:
McCain Real Ghostbusters Competition, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX. Entries should arrive no later than Friday, 1st June 1990.

The first 100 correct entries drawn out of the hat will be sent their McCain Ghostbuster Kit.

RULES: The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd., and McCain Foods (GB) Ltd. The Editor's choice is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.

BATHTIME BEASTIE

The Bathtime Beastie was a reincarnation of a Class six phantom that Peter had just busted. The monster that had once dripped orange slime-like congealed egg-white was the cause of Dr. Venikman breaking the all-time bath-taking record at twenty-one baths in one week.

Unbeknown to Peter though, the slime that had covered him had reacted with the bubble bath and regenerated itself as an

aquatic abomination. The dozing Ghostbuster had no idea, as he relaxed in his bath with his favourite plastic duck and toy tug, that the watery weirdo was about to swallow him whole.

Egon saved the day by breaking down the door and committing the creature to a watery grave (well, the Containment Unit really). Peter decided to take showers from then on!

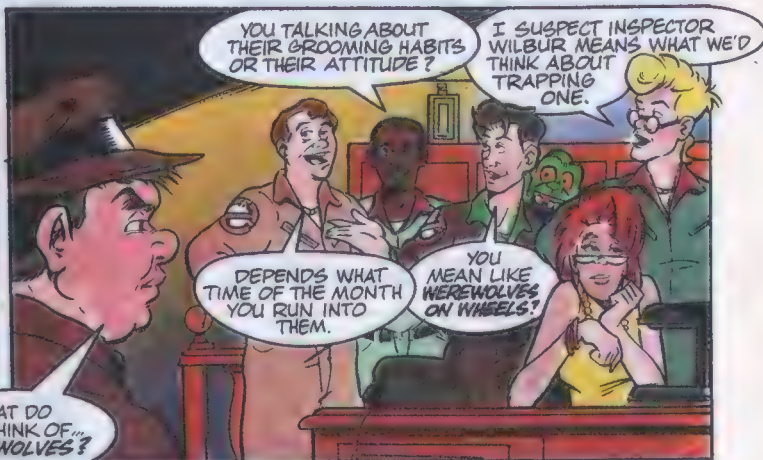


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Two: There's a werewolf on the loose and it's being controlled by a gang of bank robbers. Can The Real Ghostbusters save the day?



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF... WEREWOLVES?

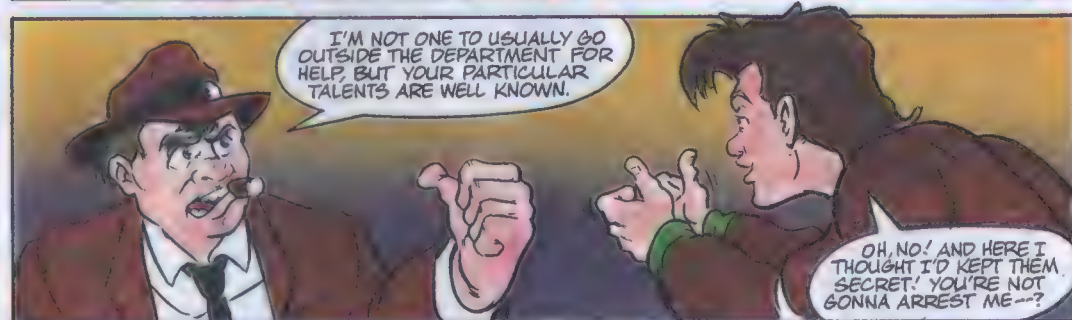


YOU TALKING ABOUT THEIR GROOMING HABITS OR THEIR ATTITUDE?

I SUSPECT INSPECTOR WILBUR MEANS WHAT WE'D THINK ABOUT TRAPPING ONE.

DEPENDS WHAT TIME OF THE MONTH YOU RUN INTO THEM.

YOU MEAN LIKE WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS?



I'M NOT ONE TO USUALLY GO OUTSIDE THE DEPARTMENT FOR HELP, BUT YOUR PARTICULAR TALENTS ARE WELL KNOWN.

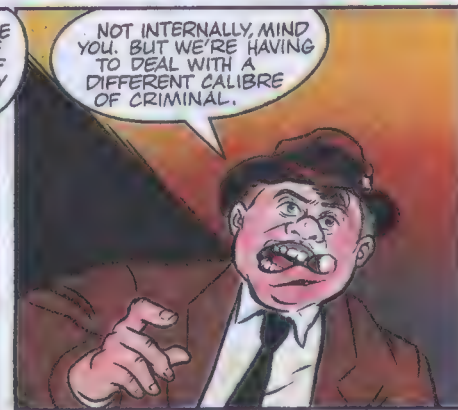
OH, NO! AND HERE I THOUGHT I'D KEPT THEM SECRET. YOU'RE NOT GONNA ARREST ME--?



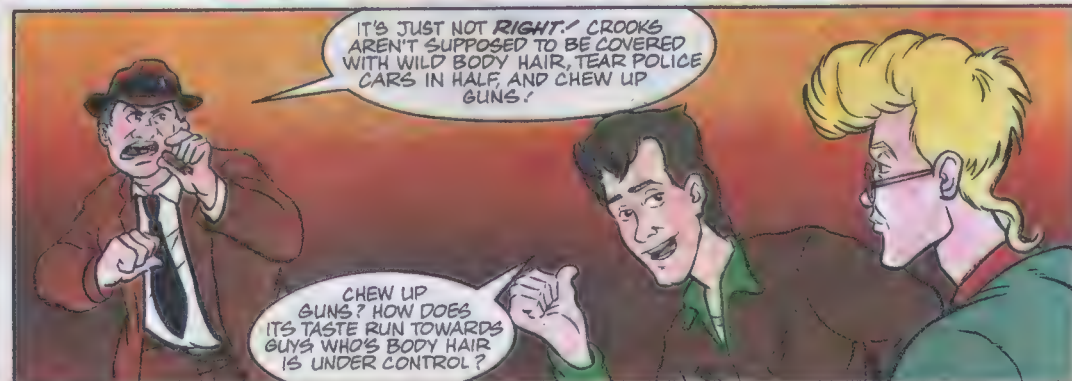
PETER'S JUST JOKING.

YEAH, EVERYBODY SAYS THAT HAVING PETER ON THE TEAM IS A REAL JOKE.

I TAKE IT THE POLICE HAVE A WEREWOLF PROBLEM THEY CAN'T HANDLE?



NOT INTERNALLY, MIND YOU. BUT WE'RE HAVING TO DEAL WITH A DIFFERENT CALIBRE OF CRIMINAL.



IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT. CROOKS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE COVERED WITH WILD BODY HAIR, TEAR POLICE CARS IN HALF, AND CHEW UP GUNS.

CHEW UP GUNS? HOW DOES ITS TASTE RUN TOWARDS GUYS WHO'S BODY HAIR IS UNDER CONTROL?





NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON.

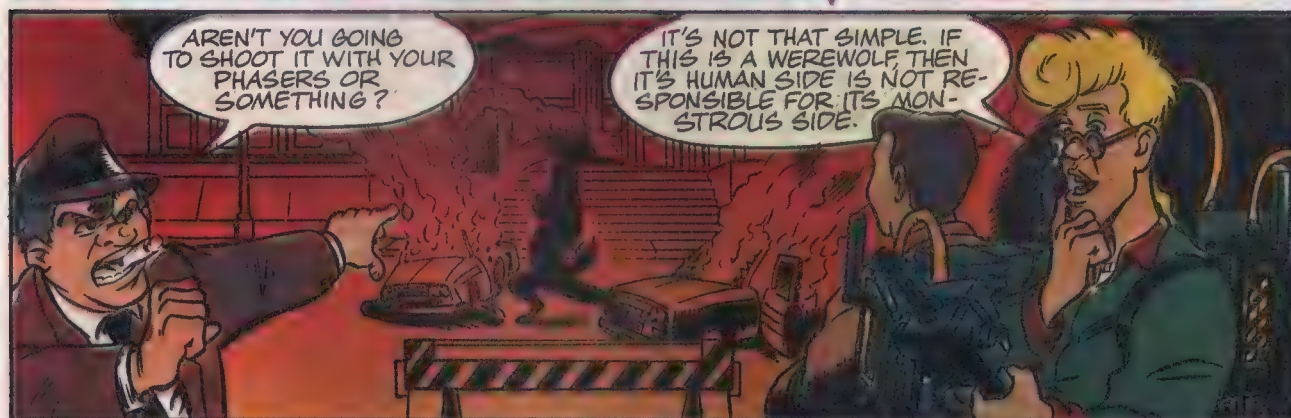
WOW! THE MOON JUST BRINGS OUT THE WORST IN SOME PEOPLE!



I'M BEING FOLLOWED BY A MOON SHADOW...



WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW IT HAS GOOD TASTE IN MUSIC.



AREN'T YOU GOING TO SHOOT IT WITH YOUR PHASERS OR SOMETHING?

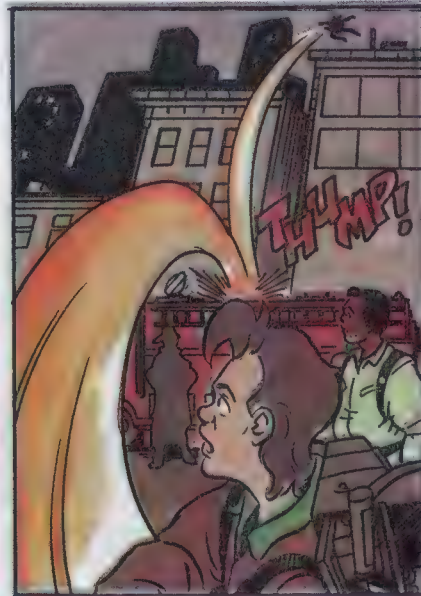
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE. IF THIS IS A WEREWOLF, THEN IT'S HUMAN SIDE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS MONSTROUS SIDE.

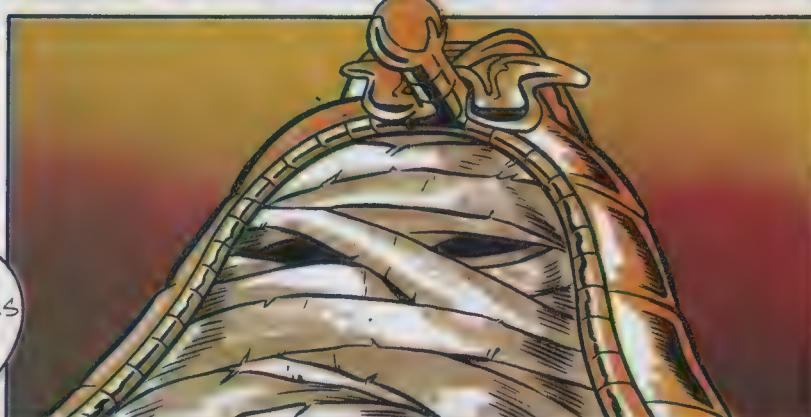
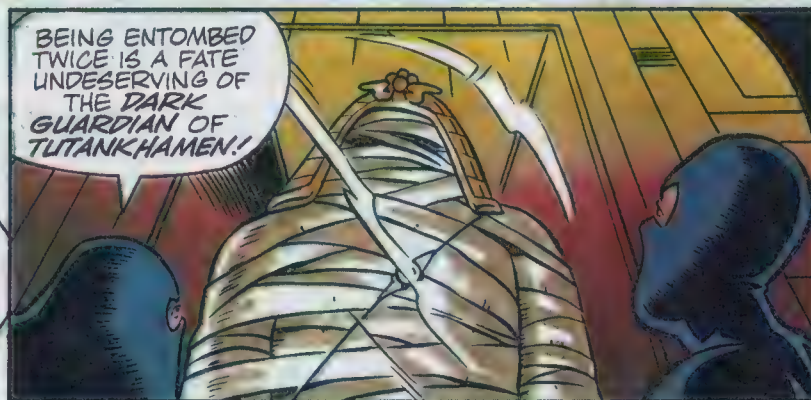
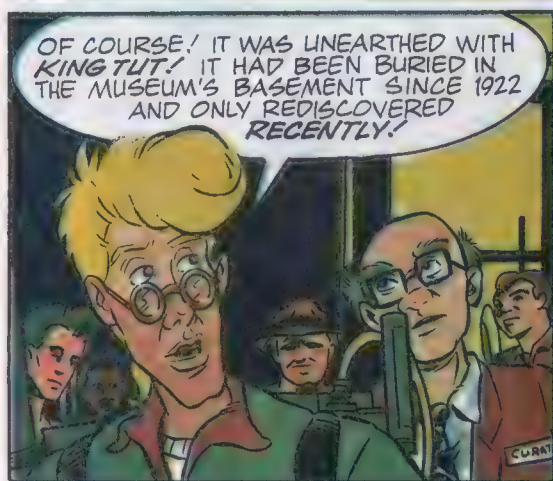


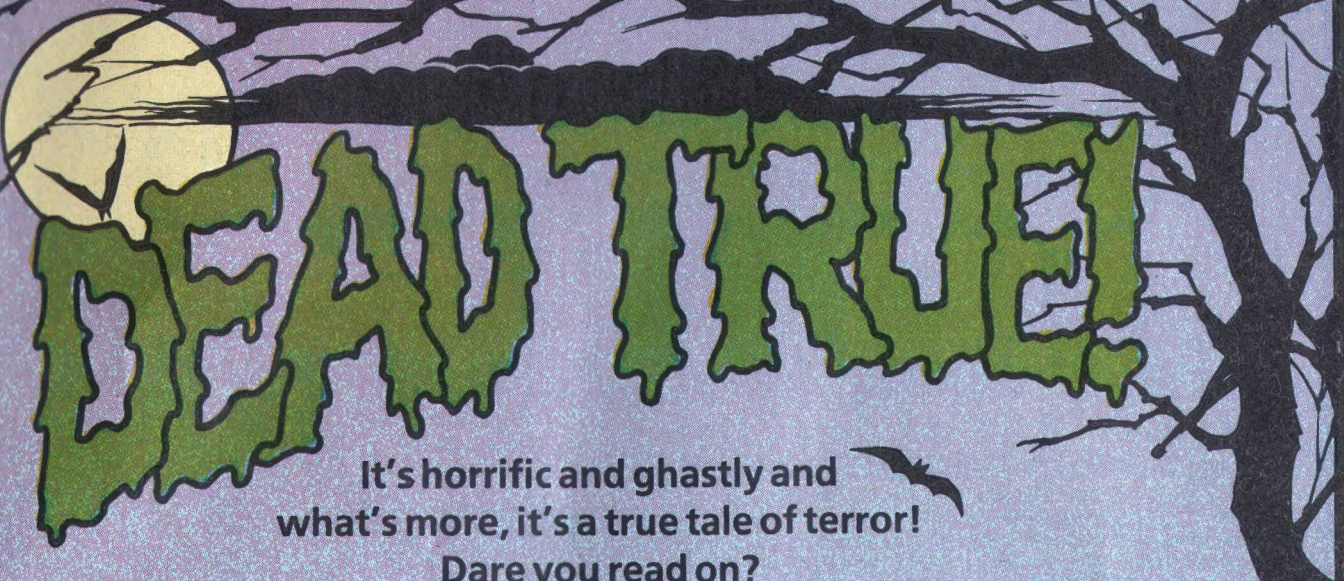
IF WE INJURE THE WEREWOLF, WE'LL ALSO HARM THE NORMAL PERSON IT CHANGES BACK INTO.

YOU CAN'T HURT SPIRITS, JUST ANNOY THEM A LOT, BUT THIS ISN'T A GHOST.










DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



Legendary beasts have long been reported to walk the Earth. It is not, it would seem, only the poor, misfortunate souls of humans that fail to find eternal rest and so return to disrupt the peace of the night. Ghostly cats, dogs and horses have been spotted and so have unearthly beasts such as the Hounds of Hell. Each area has its own beast and its own legend to tell. In East Anglia, the most frequently reported beast of the night is known as Black Shuck, a name derived from the Saxon word for Devil. Hundreds of people have claimed to have seen him at night, the sole eye in the middle of his head blazing red or yellow – a truly horrifying sight! The most terrifying sighting of this famed beastie was reported by

an American airman and his wife during the Second World War. They had rented a flat-topped apartment on the edge of the marshes, and one night were disturbed by a violent pounding on the door. Peeping through the window, the airman was confronted with a most gruesome sight! For outside their home, loomed a large black beast, battering at the walls! The terrified couple barricaded the door with all the furniture they could find, but even this did not deter the beastie. It simply leapt on to the roof and continued the attack!

The couple spent the next terrifying hours cowering and praying for their lives. When at last dawn broke, the noises ceased, and the airman eventually ventured out to investigate. To his surprise and horror, there

was no sign of the damage that should have been caused by such a bombardment and not even the slightest trace of footsteps or paw prints in the soft mud surrounding the apartment. Not a single trace was left of the horrifying events of that night!

In Devon, quite the opposite happened. The local residents awoke from a peaceful night to discover strange footprints in the overnight snowfall. The prints, animal in origin, were of no defined species and stretched in a zig-zag trail for over one hundred miles. Dogs brought in to follow the supernatural tracks, fled howling from the scene. The locals were convinced that the Devil himself had walked in Devon that night!



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What did the policeman say to the three headed ghost?
Hello, hello, hello!
– Oliver Morrell, Greenford

What do you call a creature with seven eyes, three noses, four ears, and five mouths?
Ugly!
– Anon, Cardiff

What goes backward through walls saying: "Er ... Boo?"
A nervous ghost!
– Robert Francis, Shrivenham

What is a monster's favourite soup?
Scream of tomato!
– Steven Wood, Kent

What's the best way to get rid of a demon?
Tell him to exorcise!
– Terry Macdonald, Kirton Holme

"Doctor, Doctor, I feel like a dustbin!"
"Don't talk rubbish!"
– John Byrne, Co. Carlow



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